

From the Chronicles of the Horse Mart of To-day.

Once in a while the monotony broken by the appearance of a saddle horse and for a moment interest flames up, but these appearances only make the general depression of the place more marked. Inside you pass through an assortment of offices and carriage rooms, where hostlers are busy cleaning and preparing the horses, which are catalogued with high sounding phrases, as, for instance, "A very useful horse, slightly touched in the wind," "Light sorrel, just getting over severe sickness" or "Fearless of anything, a most desirable combination for ladies' use."

She is tall for her age, which must be 13, blond and with stalwart shoulders and the straight back that indicate the horse-

"You know I'm getting up the concert for the indigent wives and orphans of sailors and I'm told that there's a young woman on board who can recite. I'm looking for her. I don't know her name, but the fellow

A rumble is heard and a large, green delivery wagon with a scroll on one side denoting that the owner at one time sold eggs, butter and cheese comes into view. "Imagine any one who sells eggs ever failing," says one of the young women, and she searches her catalogue anew for more pleasing ware.



The horse mart is a large light room, with galleries about three sides and a wide expanse of tanbark under foot which recalls for a moment the glories of Horse Show week. The horsey smell and the horsey talk help the suggestion which is soon dispelled when, from the vantage point of the balcony, you look down on the crowd.

The hats are varied as the beards, som-breros with the four punches of the cow-boy's doubledup fist, derbies of a vintage

good points of a horse and is not to be moved from her judgment by the fact that the horse is driven about the ring by an expert whip, who hides all the bad points as carefully as he brings good ones to notice.

"Oh, I don't think anything of that."

The horse comes into the ring and one of the employees stands and flicks it with a whip every time it passes, so as to give it a proper action, apparently. But even with this aid to the bidding spirit, the bids move

"I could easily count the ribs, just as you can those, and the wonder was that the machine did not go right over it. Once or twice I leaned over to touch the chauffeur's arm, but I saw he was paying attention, and

"Then without a word the auto started ahead, and in a moment it was all over—there was nothing, no horse, no wreck."



fine old Roman, John McKeon, was no man to allow his office to be used as a collection agency. The gamblers would not pay unless they could go free, and once McKeon got

That was check for fair. Wallace was dumb. Grover went on:
"Now, this is the end of it between you and me about this case, but it isn't going to

precinct and all the proprietors and employees spent that night in cells. Much to Wallace's regret old Charley Ransom had to go with the rest.

derloin and, had he chosen to take it, he could have had crooked law business enough at high fees to have kept him busy from that day to this.

*On one of my trips through the hem

thin the matter with that bunion, an so investigated. And what do you think Part o' that bunion had got a little frosted somehow, and it sort o' stagnated it so

used by Indians and Mexicans for centuries and lately the salt has been hauled to surrounding ranches, everybody helping himself. The annual output is about 1,000 tons but the processes are crude.

ment less than a fine of \$25. Finding it a hopeless task to bring over the obstinate one to their way of thinking, the eleven finally decided to agree with him and "chipped in" enough to pay the fine.

